



BRING ME THE HORIZON
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

BMG

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BRING ME THE HORIZON COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

SIDE A 01. PRAY FOR PLAGUES 02. TELL SLATER NOT TO WASH HIS D**K 03. A LOT LIKE VEGAS 04. A LOT LIKE VEGAS 05. BLACK & BLUE
SIDE B 06. SLOW DANCE 07. LIQUOR & LOVE LOST 08. (I USED TO MAKE OUT WITH)
MEDUSA 09. FIFTEEN FATHOMS, COUNTING 10. OFF THE HEEZAY

SONG TITLE:

its 03:18 AM
mouth tastes like the corpse of
every pregnant teen.

the minutes are hours the hours are days are years.
i feel infected by your presence, you speak in tongues
i smell the lies dancing on your blackened lungs.

i whispered in her ear:

"fear me dear, for i am death. ill take your hope,
your dreams, your love, till there's nothing left."

~~ill take that shit you call a life in a single fucking breath.~~
~~ill steal the diamonds from your eyes.~~

ill turn your promises into lies."

i hear the fear in your voice, but you shouldn't feel
a thing.

your life's already worse than any pain that *I cant tell you how I*

• but you pino I

i could make it december every day *kept having to say good bye this morning*

but you're so blind, it may as well be may. *kept against hope that I might get*

you to say that you had'n

i whispered in her ear:

fear me dear, for this is death. *the only way we could meet*

I 'am death.

she starts her new diet, of liquor and dick. just like hollywood but laced in sick.

the sun goes down and so does she. sold out the love that she had left with a cut of the

throat. drinks all round on her before she strolls to the moat. so count your fucking ble

ssings. because im counting **LOSE YOUR EYES** im asking you for just one thing

eradicate, this disease. **OH LORD CLEANSE PRAY FOR PLAGUES**

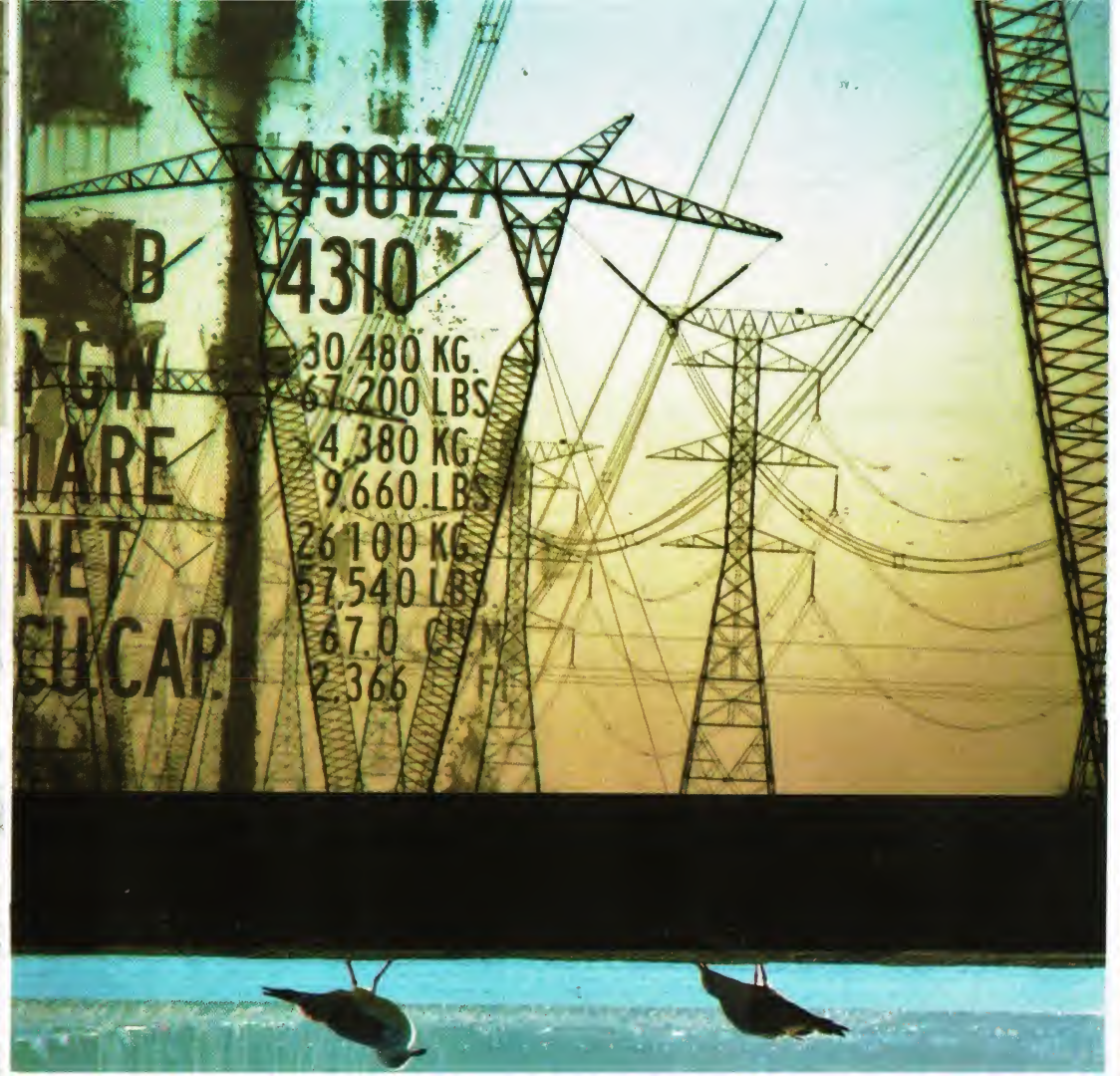
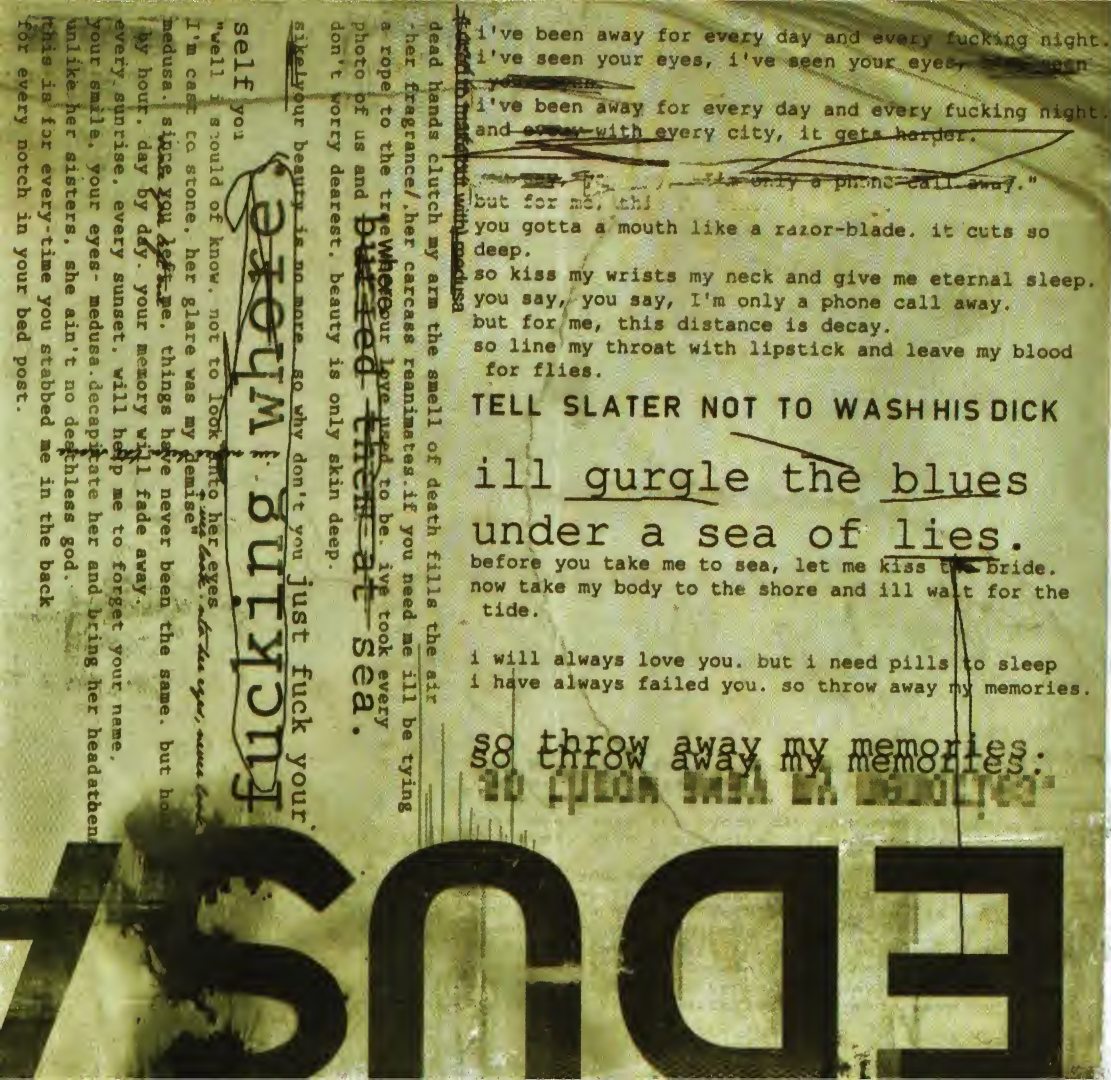
THIS EARTH AND BRING UPON OUR DOOMSDAY

so clap your hands to the sound of every

first born dying now. watch the rivers flow

with blood death with stand **WHERE** life once stood.







that I could look for thank you, going up
 my freephonie & family, cur rich, a
 benbog & buffy, not the
 from my band for being a massiv
 e set of bastard, niall, dan, bobby,
 wacky, not joey, our sonja, jodie ing
 last johnny hart & stoker, anyone who
 the son of a bitch out of the
 way, cheers, jerome at sarian, all at
 electro music, dingo & allison for the
 rad tattoos, anyone who gave out a
 a chance, anyone i forgot, monty & a
 bout it, im sorry, cheers boss x

MATT NICHOLLS



curtis would like to thank: in no
 particular order- mum & dad, for
 their on going support, caron, rob
 aall my family, especially auntie
 dawn & uncle jim, brendan for unpl
 ugging my stuff and getting drunk,
 emma for being foolish enough to
 go out with me for so long, ryan brig
 gs for moving to wales, dean, eddi
 & warner for being crazy, all the
 guys from pesky, gibson, and every
 one i forgot to thank, & thank v
 ery much.

CURTIS WARD



oliver sykes parents f
 or all their support, my brother, sarah-
 and pretty much my band for being my
 che, ryan, niall, nick, allison, not to
 (party time) samuel hudson, too, also a de
 hams goober, stie ingram, chris has a de
 atwish, ryan beabo, yez, alex & co, my
 oliver sykes parents f
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OLIVER SYKES



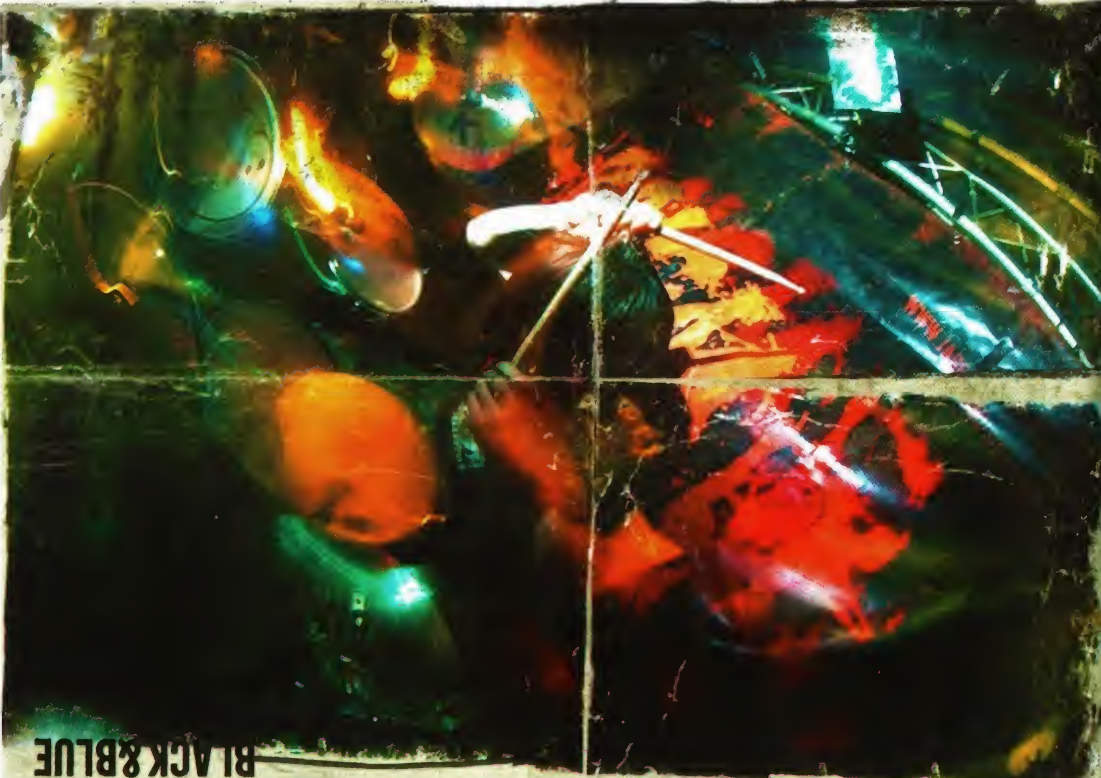
James Mallia would like to thank: mum
 & dad for all their on going support,
 & all my family for every
 thing, i know my guitar, steve ga
 waine for all his support, nick and
 ix, & everyone at rock legacy, pho
 kes, brendan, johnny hart, taylor, sto
 julie, sarah & family, faz and allison,
 belair, emre & matt, all my band for
 being my best mates, tom sykes, carol
 elian, crazy ed, john & ethy, and th
 who has had faith in me and helped me
 to anyway at all- thanks alot, if i
 forgot anyone sorry or summat, i lov
 you all, cheers.

JAMES MALLIA



Matt Kean would like to thank: mum
 & dad for all their on going support,
 & all my family for every
 thing, i know my guitar, steve ga
 waine for all his support, nick and
 ix, & everyone at rock legacy, pho
 kes, brendan, johnny hart, taylor, sto
 julie, sarah & family, faz and allison,
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MATT KEAN

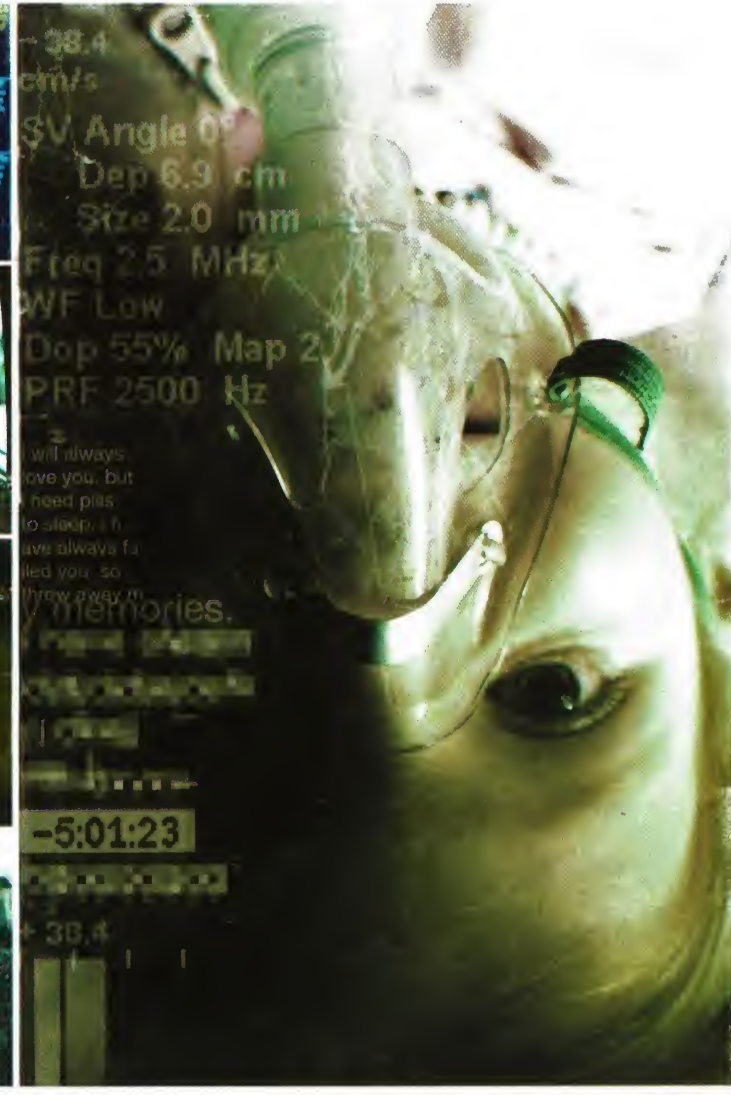
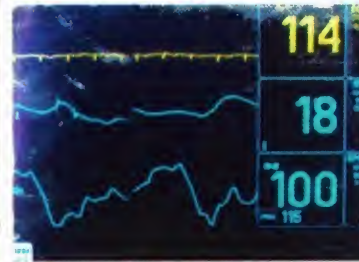


BLACK & BLUE

i guess some kids are just born with tragedy in there blood. i try to wash this away i want to cleanse your veins. i can help you to see light, out of your despair. you tie the rope, ill kick the fucking chair. i feel the malice in my veins. my heart swells with hatred, in your name. and when you've got nothing to turn black and blue you still have hell to look forward to. i will dance on grave, when your blessed with a grave to call your own. your eulogy, will be music to my ears. your own in my mind you'll be six feet closer to your home. i have never really cared for the rope, ill kick the fucking chair. lets go.

OFF THE HEEZAY

I've been taken from your arms so many times. I've left this before. the sheets are tangled. and they don't feel right on my carcass. like you do this as my revenge (for every second sleep has stolen) I feel dead inside. I feel I've been dressed to put back, and drink till there was nothing left. I walked you home. my hand wept. I tucked away the rest of the night. take my hand for this as my revenge. for every second lost. this is my revenge. (for every second sleep has stolen) I've got to say that I'm really not worth the time of your day.



38.4
cm/s
SV Angle 0°
Dep 6.9 cm
Size 2.0 mm
Freq 2.5 MHz
WF Low
Dop 55% Map 2
PRF 2500 Hz

I will always
love you, but
I need plas
to sleep. I h
ave always fa
iled you. so
I throw away m
y memories.

-5:01:23

38.4

SO CASH IN ALL YOUR CHIPS TONIGHT BABY CUZ WERE GOING OUT OF STYLE

WE COULD LEAVE THIS CITY IF ONLY FOR A WHILE



WE'LL TAKE THIS FEELING TO OUR GRAVES

FOR EVERY  THAT WE BETRAYED

NO ONE CAN KNOW ABOUT THIS

THE ONLY PLACE I'LL EVER CALL HOME IS MY DEATHBED

~~A LOT LIKE VEGAS~~

SO LETS DITCH THIS CITY BEFORE WE SOBER UP
IM RUNNING ON EMPTY YOUR RUNNING OUT OF LUCK
AND ITS NOT A PARTY IF IT HAPPENS EVERY NIGHT
I KNOW WERE SO WRONG BUT IT FEELS SO RIGHT

LIQUOR
+
LOST

DEATH DO US PART SHE HAUNTS ME

SO MUCH FOR LIVING FOREVER SO MUCH FOR

I DRINK AWAY THE DAY AS IT DECAYS

T ONIGHT THE BARS TURN OUT THERE LIGHTS

BUT IM HEARING GHOSTS

Y CONVERSATION! SWEAR I HEARD YOUR VOICE

I SWEAR I HEARD YOUR VOICE OVERWHELMED

S HE HAUNTS ME

S HE HAUNTS ME TIL MY BITTER END

GHOSTS TONIGHT

I THOUGHT I SAW YOUR EYES BUT I M SEEN

CIGARETTE CURLS

I THOUGHT I SAW YOUR EYES LACED IN SMOKE



CREDITS

Recorded at DEP international studios in September 2006

Produced by Dan Sprigg & Bring me the Horizon

Mixed & mastered by Dan Sprigg

All songs written and recorded by Bring me the Horizon. All lyrics by Oliver Sykes

Art direction and packaging by Oliver Sykes

Band photography by Tom Barnes for www.tombarnesphoto.co.uk

A & R: Julie Weir

Booking & Management: visible noise

Oliver Sykes: vocals

Curtis Ward: guitar

Lee Malia: guitar

Matt Keane: bass

Matt Nicholls: drums

Bring me the Horizon are proudly endorsed by:



THANKYOU



Jägermeister

Bring me the Horizon would collectively like to thank: azriel, architects, clone the fragile, the seventh cross, shaped by fate, aiden, johnny truant, sylosis, centurion, exit ten, rob tomassi, lostprophets, bullet for my valentine, gallows, d-rail, ffaf, mendeed, meatloaf, farhell and alicia for everything, Julie, Alex, matt, emre, xriccix, brendan & taylor, johnny hart & chris stokes, crazy ed, lee rail, and every kid that has every supported us through the years, anyone we forgot we are sorry but you know we love you! x